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GERMANY'S BOMB-AST! PRICE 1d. IN BERLIN STREETS.



SOLD IN THE PRUSSIAN CAPITAL: A FULL-SIZED REPRODUCTION OF THE SHELL THROWN, WE ARE TOLD, BY THE BIG GERMAN SIEGE-GUNS.

They are selling in the streets of Berlin the broadsheet here shown held by a British soldier. This purports to represent the exact size of the projectile thrown by Germany's big siege-guns. The reproduction is headed "German War Surprise, 1914."

On the picture of the shell are photographs of damage done to forts, and the names Lüttich (Liège), Namur, Longwy, and Maubeuge; with the motto "With God for King and Fatherland."—[Photograph by C.N.]

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE new play, "Those Who Sit in Judgment," by "Michael Orme" (a lady), which Sir George Alexander has produced at the St. James's, divides itself conveniently into three parts. First, there is the suburban drawing-room. This may or may not be true to life. It seems overdrawn, but it has its entertaining aspect. Mr. Nigel Playfair, Mr. Frederick Volpé, Mr. Nicholas Hannen, and Miss Helen Ferrers throw themselves heartily into an orgy of comic vulgarity which leaves the poor suburbs little to say for themselves; and Mr. Playfair is particularly good. Then there is the Gold Coast, where Sir George Alexander and Mr. Reginald Owen give us a harrowing picture of two gallant Britons in their last trench, surrounded by the ruins of a rubber enterprise, laid low by fever, and tricked by the natives; and nothing is spared that can add to the horror. Mr. Owen dies realistically in a delirium, and Sir George, after an encounter with a burglarious monarch, and the accidental shooting of a native girl, escapes in a way the authoress does not condescend to explain. Then comes old England again, represented by Mr. Playfair as the appalling bounder of a solicitor, and a meeting of infuriated shareholders wanting to know what has happened to their capital. Good vigorous matter is this; and the connecting link between the three parts is Sir George, the explorer, in love with Miss Henrietta Watson, the solicitor's patient and romantic wife. The connection is unsatisfactory, and it is not easy to see what was in the mind of the authoress, unless she meant merely to string together effective scenes for able players; and in this she has succeeded. Miss Watson is very sweet and charming, and Sir George (though his conduct is strangely weak) goes through his terrible adventures like a hero; and the suburban drawing-room and African jungle should make the play a success.

"Young Wisdom," by Miss Rachel Crothers, which Mr. Cyril Maude has put on at the Playhouse while he himself is otherwise engaged with "Grumpy," is a pleasant little field day for the comparatively young. There are Miss Madge Titheradge and Miss Margery Maude as a pair of silly little girls who have great ideas about the wrongness of marriage as at present constituted. Their view is that there should be no irrevocable union till after a period of probation; and the young men to whom they are engaged, with the assistance of a nice young artist fellow who falls in love with one of them, bring them in the course of one night to a proper understanding of the perversity of the theory which they suppose to be so brilliant and so new. It is an entertaining little farcical comedy, with more farce in it than comedy, and it is brightly played. The triumph of the evening rests with Mr. John Deverell as an obliging young man who is alarmed at having to elope most immorally with his bride on the evening before their marriage, but does it in order to teach her a lesson, and is much relieved when she decides to marry somebody else. Excellent work is done, too, by Mr. Evan Thomas and Mr. Cowley-Wright, and Mr. Fred Kerr is amusing as the indignant old father.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE BESIEGED "KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR": LIÉGE UNDER FIRE.*

A Battle— From Bed.

Dr. Hamelius does not claim intimacy with the stricken field. "If," he writes, "the reader expects an account of battle and heroic deeds, he will be disappointed to learn that my only experience of actual fighting reached me in bed, and never extracted me from it. This is what an auricular witness, knowing the features of the country and trying to realise what he hears, can perceive. First, the boom of distant guns—Fort of Boncelles firing as usual: nothing new in that. Then the crackle of musketry, sounding exactly like the loading of a cart with the heavy pavement stones that make Belgian roads so rough and noisy. Two pitches—the deeper, probably infantry fire; the higher, carbines of the cavalry. In between, the regular mechanical ticking of the machine-rifles (pom-poms), as persistent and steady as the pricking of the needle in a sewing-machine, only much graver. All at once, cannon-shot near my house, the window-panes shaking. They must have put a battery on the hill behind the garden, and are probably firing across the river at the Germans who storm Boncelles. (This guess afterwards turned out to have been correct.) First, much firing in quick succession; then some short breaks. Evidently the fight is subsiding. Then more crackle of musketry and working of machine-guns. Silence. Short crackle again. A few reports of the pom-pom. Is it over? No; more shots. Calm again. And so gradually and slowly peace is restored. . . . This is a truthful account of a real battle." All of which does not detract from this "personal narrative" of siege-life in the gallant town which won the title of "the first rampart of France."

Germany Did Not Understand.

It is remarkable, really, what Liège did. "We feel Paris very near," says Dr. Hamelius, "and when a German soldier the other day, not knowing the country, asked me how far we were from Paris, I could only answer, 'Five hours in a fast train. Start at seven, arrive at twelve.'" Yet it was Liège, above all places, which delayed the German advance towards the French capital and led to operations which forced the Kaiser's hordes to swerve just as they were about to hammer at the gates in an attempt to repeat 1870. And, be it remembered, the invaders knew—and know—their business. They took every precaution: even they tried to make themselves as welcome as possible. "All shop-windows were ordered to be opened, so that the town might resume its usual appearance. Unfortunately, no one bought anything. Germans in uniform purchased vegetables at a high price in the market, speaking excellent French. They entered cafés, cigar-shops, and restaurants, and spent money to revive business. But they were the only people there. The electric-tramcars were ordered to move out, and tried to do so. No one thought of entering them. In one word, German discipline ruled their soldiers perfectly; it failed to make us Belgians forget the fate of our unhappy town." Again in a word: Germany did not understand. " . . . The German demands seemed so outrageous and brutal, and the offer of a compensation in money so insulting, that an instant recoil fixed us all in one resolve. 'Why spend so much money on spies, and know us so little?' was one friend's typical remark." Germany also did not understand, although she gained her object, when she decided to place on the middle of the stone bridge of the Boverie, to protect it from Belgian shells, a removal-van filled with Belgian prisoners and painted in the national colours—black, yellow, and red.

Changing the Face of the Landscape.

The Belgians, too, were by no means altogether unprepared. They anticipated. In this, they owed much to that unpopular monarch, Leopold II., who, saying, "Never go out without an umbrella, Sir," saw to it that the Antwerp and Liège defences were made, although the fortresses of the former were built in the teeth of a violent opposition, and those of the latter were equally given to a reluctant country amid protests and complaints. The seed fell on fruitful soil. Hence the splendid fight the Belgians put up and are continuing. Hence the wisdom denoted in the following paragraph: "Although the position of those forts (of Liège) is not correctly given in the maps of Belgium published by our Ministry of War, and although the approach to them has been carefully guarded, yet in these days of spies and aeroplanes it is probable that the enemy was not without information about them. Any tourist might at least take snapshots of the surrounding scenery, and afterwards locate them on the map by a careful study of topography. By comparing his photographs of farmhouses, church spires, and trees with the features of the map, he might calculate the pointing of his own artillery, and thus reach some degree of accuracy in his firing. The danger was met by the Belgian authorities by means of the most drastic measures. Houses were destroyed, trees cut down, and even a church—that of Boncelles—is said to have disappeared. . . . When the attack did come the scenery was altered in appearance, and the foreigner found it difficult to know it again."—Of such is the book of Paul Hamelius, Doctor of Philosophy, Professor of English Literature at the University of Liège: it is to be read.

* "The Siege of Liège: A Chapter in the History of the European War." By Paul Hamelius. (T. Werner Laurie; 1s. net.)



"MAGNIFICENT, BUT NOT WAR": A NIGHT AT LAON: UNFORGETTABLE RHEIMS: GRAPE-TASTING.

The Pomp and Circumstance of War.

Though the German Army is in some matters the most up-to-date fighting machine in the world, it retains some mediæval customs that have vanished from other armies. In the fighting before Rheims during the great Battle of the Aisne, some of the German regiments advancing in solid mass against the Allies were played into battle by their bands. Other smaller bodies of troops marched up to the slaughter, their fifers playing a gay little march. Anyone who has travelled in Germany will remember the marches that the fifers play when any small detachment of troops is on the move through a town. In front of a small body of men going on guard or on some other duty march a couple of fifers, one relieving the other in playing on their shrill instruments—"the ear-piercing fife," as Othello called them—a marching tune. One hears the shrill sound in the far distance as the men come, and it dies away as they go on down the street. This music in the battlefield really belongs to the Middle Ages, just as the carrying of their flags into the battlefield by the German regiments does. To quote the words of a French soldier on another battlefield where the two armies fought side by side, "It is magnificent, but it is not war."

Laon. I have been looking through a sketch-book which I took with me one autumn when I made a lazy trip into the land of champagne, staying on my way at some of the places round which the fighting in the present Great War has been fiercest. I spent a night at Laon, the old town which stands on the top of one of those hills which crop up all over this part of France, and which the French call *massifs*. I remember that day and night very well, partly because the hotel to which I had been sent was as uncomfortable a specimen of a provincial French inn as it has ever been my bad luck to encounter, and partly because the view from the promenades made on the site of the old ramparts is exceedingly fine. I sat in the sunshine and tried to sketch it, and then left my sketch half-finished because the subject had beaten me. Laon is on a long hill which throws off a spur in the shape of a big jack-boot, and the valley that lies between the foot of this boot and the main ridge is clothed with a wonderful jumble of wood and vineyards and gardens, with bright-coloured little villas standing here and there amidst the vines.

The Cathedral of Rheims.

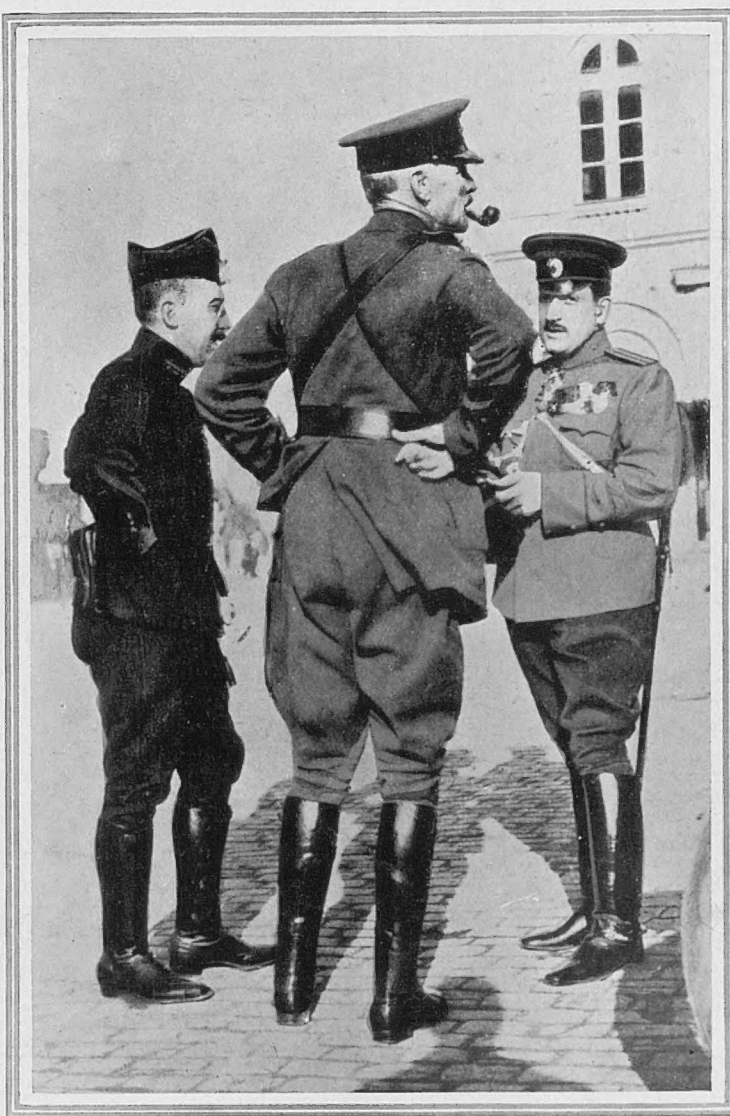
It required no daub in a sketch-book to keep the remembrance of Rheims Cathedral fresh in my mind. Indeed, anything supremely beautiful that I have seen in my lifetime I have never tried to sketch, because it seems to me that one remembers anything one has sketched not by what one has seen, but by what one has put on paper. I believe that there is no cathedral in the world which has made such a lasting impression upon the minds of so many people

as this great cathedral which the Germans have turned into a smoking ruin. There is no rose-window that I have seen in the world that could compare to the beautiful window in the western façade; and the spirit of Joan of Arc, who watched the crowning of the King whose dominions she had won back for him in this great pile, seemed to dwell in the cathedral. Of all the heroines of the world there is no one whose story is known to so many people, white and yellow and black, on all the continents, as the story of the Maid of Orleans, and there is not a woman in the world who will not feel that her sex has been outraged by the destruction of the cathedral in which the apotheosis of the career of Joan of Arc was reached.

The Lion d'Or. And no doubt, with the destruction of the cathedral and the old buildings round about it, the Lion d'Or, the old-fashioned hotel near the cathedral, which has sheltered generations of *bons vivants*, has also been laid in ruins. Just as one goes to the Cloche at Dijon to drink the best of good burgundies, so one went to the Lion d'Or at Rheims to drink the best of champagne, for every great wine of every great firm is represented on their wine-list, a wine-list which is the "Almanach de Gotha" of the vineyards of that part of the country.

In the Vineyards. I became the guest in Rheims of one of the partners of a great champagne firm, and, as it was vintage time, he took me with him for some days into the vineyards. This firm had—as, no doubt, every other great champagne firm has—little villas in different parts of the mountain, the great rolling uplands on which are the vineyards, and each night we slept at one of these, always in a different part of the district, and were up with the earliest light of day to drive to various points where the peasants met us, each with a big basketful of sample grapes from their vineyards. Every peasant proprietor on the mountain is accustomed to sell his grapes to a particular firm, and the great firms never poach on each others' rights in this respect. My host could taste in a grape crunched in his mouth qualities that were far beyond my skill to detect, though when he told me what to look for I thought I had found it. He

would taste two or three grapes from a bunch, make his bargain with the peasant as to the amount to be sent to one of the wine-presses, and would then tell me that we must drive over to a certain district to buy other grapes which would counteract the acidity or the sugar of the grapes we had just bought, owing to the fact that they had qualities lacking in those we had just tasted. The price of grapes is every year decided upon by the great buyers in consultation with representatives of the peasant proprietors, and there is no haggling over prices. A few of the big firms have their own vineyards, but most of the land is split up into quite small properties that have descended from father to son almost since the days of the Romans.

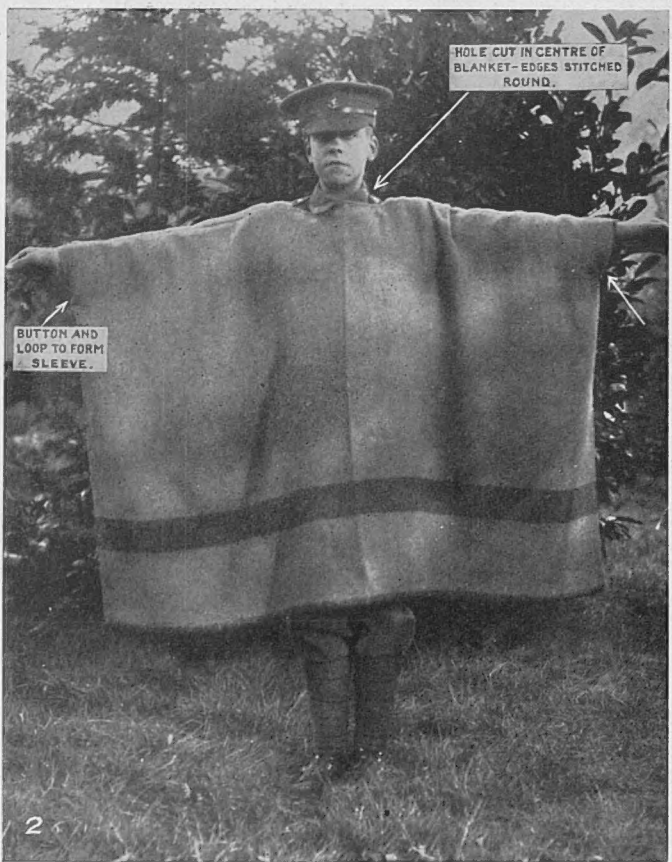


WHO SAID THERE WEREN'T RUSSIANS IN BELGIUM?—WE CAN ANSWER FOR ONE

There is at any rate one Russian soldier on Belgian soil, and the readers of *The Sketch* are privileged to get a sight of him here. He is Colonel de Maier, and is seen facing the camera. With Colonel de Maier in the photograph are Colonel Du Cane, of the British Army (the tall figure in the centre, smoking), and (on the left) a Belgian officer.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

AN A. D. C. FROM BED! THE BLANKET AS OVERCOAT.



1. A BLANKET WORN AS AN EMERGENCY OVERCOAT BY A SENTRY.

2. HOW THE BLANKET IS USED AS AN OVERCOAT: A HOLE CUT IN ITS CENTRE FOR THE HEAD TO PASS THROUGH, AND THE SIDES HELD TOGETHER BY BUTTONS AND LOOPS TO MAKE SLEEVES.

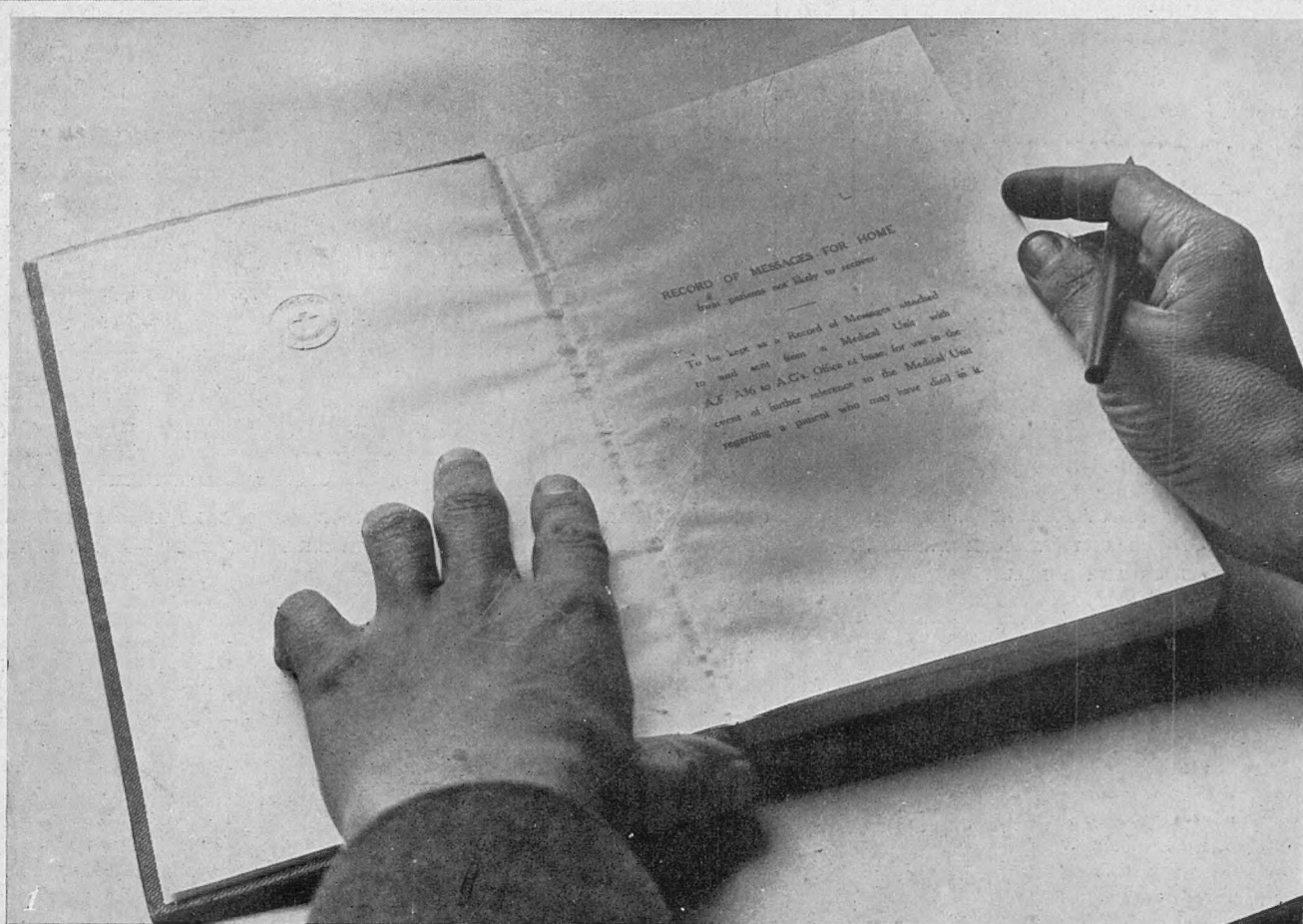
3 and 4. THE BLANKET-OVERCOAT IN USE.

5. THE BLANKET-OVERCOAT LOOKING ITS MOST PICTURESQUE.

With "chill October" here, and a rumour that the demand for military overcoats may possibly, for the moment, rather exceed the supply, a timely and practical suggestion is made for the benefit of our soldiers at the front, and on duty in this country. It is pointed out that, with practically no damage done to it, a blanket can be turned into a serviceable and warm overcoat, which will not impede the movements. The

instructions are very simple: Cut a slit in the centre of the blanket and stitch a herring-bone round. A button and a loop must be placed at each centre extremity to form the cuff. The weight of the blanket prevents it from blowing open, and the wearer, by placing his belt outside, can close the blanket up entirely, as shown in one of our pictures.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]

THE LAST-WORDS BOOK: THE MESSAGES OF THE DYING.



1. A CHRONICLE OF "LAST WORDS" WRITTEN ON PAGES OF THE "ALEXANDRA MESSAGE-BOOKS": THE BASE HOSPITAL RECORD-BOOK FOR PRESERVING MESSAGES FROM WOUNDED AT THE FRONT.

2. A PATHETIC DUTY: TAKING DOWN, FOR TRANSMISSION HOME, THE LAST MESSAGE OF A DYING SOLDIER.

Sir William Murray has presented to the authorities on the field a large number of "Alexandra Message-Books." These consist of perforated pages on which the last message of a badly wounded soldier can be taken down and sent to the base. A

copy is taken in a larger book, and if the soldier dies—as, happily, is not always the case—his last words are sent to his relations. The idea is one of solace to both the wounded soldier and his friends.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]

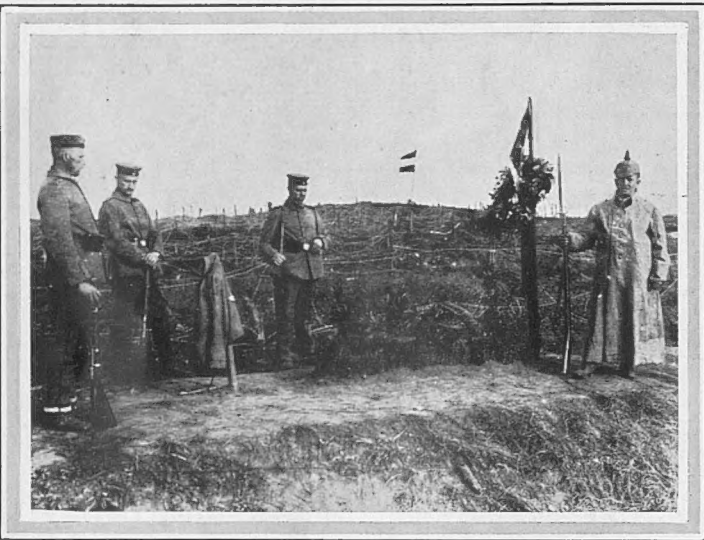
THE AFTERMATH OF BATTLE: A CROP OF WAR INCIDENTS.



"GENERAL WATER'S" DISPOSITIONS AT ANTWERP: A MOTOR-CAR LEAVING THE CITY THROUGH DEFENSIVE FLOODS OF THE SCHELDT.



GERMAN SOLDIER-PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE OF THE ROYAL THEATRE AT LIÈGE: HERR "BOSCHE" DISPLAYS HISTRIONIC TALENTS. "RESTING"—A FOVEL VERSION OF AN OLD IDEA.



AN EXPLOIT AND ITS COST: THE GERMAN FLAG ON FORT LONCIN, LIÈGE, AND THE GRAVE OF THE UHLAN WHO PLANTED IT.



READING LETTERS OF THE DEAD: RELIC-HUNTERS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF THE MARNE; AND A HEAP OF RIFLES.



A REAL "DOG-CART" AS AN IMPROVISED AMBULANCE: A WOUNDED BELGIAN DRAWN BY A RED CROSS MAN.

Antwerp is defended not only by the gallant Belgian soldiers, but also by the formidable forces of "General Water." In other words, there are large tracts of land round the city which can be flooded in the event of attack, and the Belgians had recourse to this device recently when the Germans were advancing towards Antwerp. Many of them had to take to the tree-tops, like Peter Pan, and were very sick at being made prisoners in that undignified position. The water is allowed to overflow from the River Scheldt and the canals connected with it. The German soldiers in Liège, it is



FRENCH CHARITY TO A STRICKEN FOE: WOMEN GIVING HOT COFFEE TO A WOUNDED GERMAN AMONG A GROUP OF BRITISH "TOMMIES" AT A STATION.

said, amuse each other by amateur performances by some of their number in the Royal Theatre. In the foreground of our photograph one soldier can be seen attired as a Bavarian peasant and playing the zither; others are in German rustic costumes. All the performers were gathered on the stage to be photographed. The popular slang name for a German in France now is "bosche," shortened from "Allobosche," a combination of "Allemand" and "bosche." The latter is said to mean much the same as our word "bosh."

CARSON HOME RULE; "NURSE MILLICENT" RETURNS.



THE HEAD OF THE ULSTER PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF A LULL IN PARTY POLITICS TO GET MARRIED:
A GROUP AT THE WEDDING OF SIR EDWARD CARSON AND MISS RUBY FREWEN.

Many times during the Ulster crisis rumours of Sir Edward Carson's approaching marriage got abroad and were as often denied. Since the Kaiser, so to speak, relieved him of the burden of his Ulster, Sir Edward has thrown off the cloak of secrecy, and has accepted Home Rule on his own account, in the shape of matrimony. His wedding with Miss Ruby Frewen, elder daughter of Colonel Frewen, late commanding

the 16th Lancers, took place quietly the other day at the parish church of Charlton Musgrove. In the back row of the group, from left to right, are: the Rev. C. E. Wilson, Colonel Frewen, Lady Carson, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Londonderry, and Mr. Bonar Law. Sitting in front are: Mrs. Hall Walker, Lady Ilchester, Mrs. Chesterman, Mrs. Sheridan, Miss Inagh Frewen, Mrs. Frewen, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Wilson.



THE RED CROSS DUCHESS WHO WENT THROUGH THE BOMBARDMENT OF NAMUR: MILLICENT DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (x), AND HER PARTY, AT THE HAGUE, AFTER THEIR EXPERIENCES OF WAR.

Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, and her party of Red Cross nurses, accompanied by Dr. Morgan, of Seaford, were in Namur during the bombardment, and later when the town was set on fire in four places. The hospital, however, was not endangered by the fire, which did not spread far. After three weeks at Namur, they went on to

Maubeuge, and thence they returned to Brussels, where the Germans gave them passes and an escort to Holland. They nursed large numbers of wounded Belgians and Frenchmen. In the photograph the Duchess is seen seated in front with Dr. Morgan.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Newspaper Illustrations.]



GENERAL BOTHA.

"BOTHA'S the man I want to serve with," says the ex-artilleryman of the British Army when presenting himself as a recruit in Potchefstroom. Such are the chances of war—and a generous peace. When General Botha takes the field against the neighbouring German colonists, he will doubtless have among his soldiers many English South Africans who fought in opposition to him fourteen years ago. We are only witnessing the culmination of the amazing turning of the tables that began with the nomination of the Boer General as Premier of United South Africa.

The Beginning. Before the Boer War Botha was unknown outside the Transvaal. He had, it is true, represented Vryheid at the first Volksraad held under Kruger's presidency, and his good name among his own people led to his appointment as Field-Cornet for the same district at the outbreak of hostilities. That was the sum-total of his public life when England went to war under the impression that the Boers had, as individuals, lost their cunning with the rifle, and, as a nation, were without competent leaders. Kruger we pictured always with a pipe, umbrella, and frock-coat; the lion-hunter in him was decrepit, and though his hand—which, by the way, was minus a thumb, cut off by himself when it was injured by a lion—still gripped the situation, we thought him merely obstinate. More turned up in the adherence of his people, the sudden assertiveness of such men as Botha, and the common fighting quality that led Sir Ian Hamilton to say that any Boer in the field was worth three newly imported British soldiers.

The Success of the Amateur. Field-Cornet Botha himself had no ambition beyond the success—at the best it could only be partial—of the Boer resistance. But his ability was apparent from the start, and at Joubert's death the leadership came to him almost as a matter of course. He won the day at Colenso, and on several occasions repeated for the benefit of the trained Generals who opposed him, and for the benefit of the world's regular armies at large, the lesson of how inferior artillery should be worked. At the end of a year's campaign he still wore the gaiters and rode the horse of a fairly well-to-do Dutch farmer-squire; but in the meantime he had made a name.

The Usual Amenities. Though Botha combined something of the courtesy of a Delarey with the rough-and-ready executive of a De Wet, he bore a fair share of the attack delivered in the English Press on all and sundry Boers during the war. It is interesting, not only in the light of his own position in the Empire to-day, but also in the light of the news that has been coming in from France and Belgium, to recall the stories that then passed for gospel.

remember, used habitually to fire on the white flag and on the Red Cross, they had "a horror of cold steel," they had to be beaten lustily by De Wet before they would go into action, and they disguised themselves in the uniforms of their enemies.

Catching Trains. Luckily, most such stories had passed out of circulation before the signing of a peace. Our officers did not support them. "I declare I like the Boers," wrote General Gordon of old, and many of our best men came through the war with the same feeling. Even Kitchener, with strong preferences for regular and tidy armies, had reason to admire the scratch crew opposed to him, and his own dealings with Botha were always frank and cordial. At one meeting—a hasty conference of two hours' duration when some glimmering of peace appeared on the horizon—"K. of K.'s" temper might have been tried to snapping-back point, but it stood the test. "I must get off now," he said; "I have an armoured train to catch seven miles down the line." "Don't hurry away on that account," answered Botha, with a smile; "we caught it first thing this morning."

An Ornament. Since then the English trains that General Botha has had to catch have been boat-trains to this country. No Coronation is complete without him. He is recognised as a great statesman; he has come to be regarded as one of the most remarkable men in a most remarkable Empire—one of the ornaments of Liberal policy. An ornament!—how grimly he would have smiled at the notion at a time when he lived in the saddle and did his utmost to harass the Empire's forces. He fought and was beaten, and has infinitely more power than if he had won. Again he is to fight, and this time is fighting to win. But imagine for a moment what would be an enemy General's chance of the Premiership of vast territories if the Germans were victorious in South Africa.

A Double-Barrelled Man. Louis Botha's generalship during the war was no more remarkable than his leadership since the war. In the first position he had at hand the material that suited him; in the second he has to deal with every sort of difficult material—from Chinese labour to Rand magnates. It took him, nevertheless, no longer to learn the business of statecraft than it took him to learn the business of war. His attitude at the peace negotiations had confirmed our representatives' respect for him; and when, in 1902, he got to London (in the inevitable frock-coat of peace) our politicians found him already deeply versed in their affairs. In his eye you see two men—the soldier and the parliamentarian.



THE FIRST PRIME MINISTER TO TAKE THE FIELD FOR GREAT BRITAIN: GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA, PREMIER OF SOUTH AFRICA.

It was announced the other day that General Botha would be in supreme command of the operations against German South-West Africa, "taking on the job" because he feels it to be his duty. The General will retain the Premiership while he is in the field. He was born in 1862, at Greytown, Natal, but was taken to the Orange Free State when quite young. His splendid work for the Boers during the South African War will be remembered; and after General Joubert died he became Commandant-General of the Transvaal Forces. In 1910, he became Premier of the Union of South Africa, and two years later this famous General of the Boers was appointed an honorary General in the British Army. He is a Privy Councillor.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

MENTIONED IN "DISPATCHES"—OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL.



VICE-ADMIRAL JAMES STARTIN,
Who has volunteered at lower rank.



ADMIRAL SIR A. W. PAGET,
Who has volunteered at lower rank.



BRIG.-GENERAL BARNARDISTON,
Leading a British force against Tsingtau.



CAPTAIN WILMOT S. NICHOLSON,
Captain of the lost cruiser "Hogue."



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE PATEY,
Commander against German New Guinea.



CAPTAIN NOEL GRANT,
Commander of the victorious "Carmania."



MR. ALBERT DOUGHERTY,
Chief gunner of the "Cressy."



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT C. H. COLLET,
Who led the air-raid on Düsseldorf.



M. ADOLPH MAX,
The irrepressible Burgomaster of Brussels.



HERR O. KREUZER,
German tennis International taken prisoner.



THE JAM OF NAWANAGAR ("RANJI"),
Who has offered his help to the Empire.



THE AGA KHAN.
Who has offered to enlist as a private.

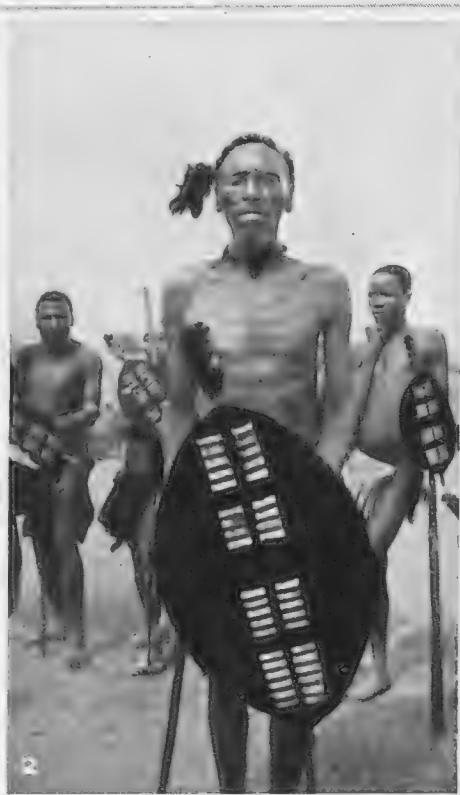
Admiral Sir Alfred Wyndham Paget, as mentioned under our portrait of Lady Paget, has accepted a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve as a Commander.—Vice-Admiral Startin has accepted a commission as Lieutenant Commander.—Brigadier-General Barnardiston, British Commander in North China, has landed near Laoshan to co-operate with the Japanese against Tsingtau.—Vice-Admiral Sir George Patey recently informed the Admiralty that the Australian forces had taken the capital of German New Guinea.—Captain Grant is captain of the armed-liner "Carmania," which sank the "Cap Trafalgar."—Mr. Albert Dougherty, chief gunner of the "Cressy," states that he saw five German submarines and sank

one.—Flight-Lieutenant C. H. Collet dropped three bombs upon the Zeppelin shed at Düsseldorf.—M. Adolph Max, the gallant Burgomaster of Brussels, forbidden by the Germans to issue placards, recently made an open-air speech giving news of the enemy's reverses.—Herr O. Kreuzer is said to be a prisoner of war at Gibraltar.—The Maharajah Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, better known as "Ranji," the great cricketer, is raising a force of 1000 men, 200 horses, and 15 motors, besides 2 squadrons of Imperial Service Lancers.—His Highness the Aga Khan, head of the Ismaili Mohammedans, has offered his resources and his personal service as a private in an infantry regiment.

Photographs by Maull and Fox, Lafayette, Russell, Barratt, Russell (Southsea), Newspaper Illustrations, Birkett, C.N., Sport and General, and Elliott and Fry.

WITH GRAINS OF SALT TO GIVE BULK? GLOBE COSTUMES?

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MISS LILY BRAYTON, THE ZULU CLEOPATRA OF THE PLAY

1. TO BE REPRODUCED IN "MAMEENA"?
A ZULU WATER-CARRIER.2. TO HAVE FRIENDS AT THE GLOBE THEATRE:
A ZULU WARRIOR IN WAR-PAINT.3. TO BE REPRODUCED IN "MAMEENA"?
ZULU DRESS.

4. LOCAL COLOUR SECURED BY MISS LILY BRAYTON: ZULU BELLES.

5. AS NOW AT SHAFTESBURY AVENUE: A GROUP OF ZULUS.

These photographs were taken by Miss Lily Brayton (Mrs. Oscar Asche) in Zululand last year, when her husband and herself were making a comprehensive survey of Zululand, in order to get true "local colour" for "Mameena," which is the name Mr. Oscar Asche has given to his dramatisation of Sir Rider Haggard's novel, "Child of Storm," to be produced at the Globe Theatre to-day (Wednesday). The story deals with the fatal influence of a veritable Zulu Cleopatra, whose personal ambitions make her play off a succession of men against one another. All the costumes (which will resemble those in the photographs), weapons, implements, ornaments, musical instruments, etc., were brought from South Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Asche

started collecting on the spot last year, and since then Captain James Stuart, late Under-Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, has been completing the work. There will be sixty natives of South Africa in the play, and these will give fine effect to the curious chants and melodies of Zululand. They are also (through an interpreter) giving instruction in the methods of warfare and ceremonial matters. In battle the Zulus, so far from going half-nude, as generally supposed, wear a mass of extra "military" habiliments. Doubtless, a grain of salt—to add bulk to the dresses—may be taken with the official statement: "All the costumes (which will resemble those in the photographs), etc."

BEATEN UP RAW!



FOR SALE.

JUST OUT OF THE EGG!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



INVALIDED officers, provided their wounds are not too great a nuisance, have a chance of finding very comfortable winter quarters in England. One after another, the luxurious houses are being put at their disposal, and among these is Hill, prepared by Mrs. Charles Hunter for the reception of guests from the front. It must be hoped that officers who put up there will have an eye for the arts. Hill is a house decked with the treasures of several centuries and countries. Aided by her own admirable judgment, and with Mr. Sargent on her advisory committee, Mrs. Hunter has been able to make a perfect house. In one of her guest-rooms is a bed decorated by Pinturicchio, and on the walls are rare tapestries. It is, as a private might say, fit for "the old man"—a General at the least.

Ready for Service. Another perfect house held in readiness, and possibly already occupied, is Mrs. Herbert Johnson's. It is a Lutyens masterpiece—an experiment, and a very successful one, in white stone and chalk. But whereas Mrs. Hunter's gilded bed and Mrs. Hunter's chef and all the other glories of Hill are for convalescent officers, Mrs. Herbert Johnson's white house has been turned into a proper hospital, with the latest and less picturesque hospital beds, and a less picturesque hospital diet. Her readiness for any eventuality was at once recognised at the War Office. "Can you be ready for pressing cases of wounded at six hours' notice instead of the usual twelve?" she was asked; and that means that everything and everybody is on the spot. Twelve gives time for surgeons and nurses to be motored down from town, but to be ready in six is to all intents and purposes the same as being ready in half-an-hour.

Work for Restorers. The great Mr. Lutyens himself, architect of the new Delhi, and of half the really attractive houses built in

cities may not entitle him to a command, but even as a practical master of materials and sites he should be of special use to an army that has to dig and build and demolish on its line of route. And after the war there will be lots to do for the great architects—the restoration of Rheims, for instance.

The Silences of "K. of K."

Lord Kitchener made the best sort of contradiction to the stupid story that he would resign if the Home Rule Bill went on to the Statute Book—he denied it by dining in Downing Street on the very evening on which the Prime Minister made his statement in the Commons. Lord Kitchener, being a silent man, has nearly all his talking done for him. "Never explain," was Disraeli's advice to young men with a career. To this Lord Kitchener adds, "Never contradict." So he only smiled blandly when a fellow-guest at Mrs. Asquith's asked him if he really did entertain such a distrust of one of our Allies as to say to someone who wanted to know how long we should have to fight, "Eighteen months to beat the Germans, and then eighteen months to beat the Russians."

Dead Beat.

The special constable's lot is not always happy. Mr. Wilson Steer, for instance, returns to his famous house in Cheyne Walk wearied out with the adventures of his daily four-hours' duty. The work presents all sorts of unheard-of perils. When on his beat the other morning he was accosted by a lady on horseback. "Do up those two holes, man," she said. He looked vaguely at the girth, and ended by protesting he knew nothing about horses. "It isn't the horse; it's my gaiter," she explained. He did his best—"but the horse might have trodden on me!" is his own droll way of concluding the narrative.



TO MARRY MR. ROGER LLOYD: MISS PEVEREL DE LORMET LLOYD.

Miss Lloyd is the second daughter of Sir Martine Lloyd, Bt., and Lady Lloyd, of Bronwydd, Cardiganshire. Mr. Roger Lloyd is the second son of Colonel Lloyd, of Plas Tregayan, Anglesey.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

England in the last ten years, is going to the front. It is not quite easy for the amateur to fit all rumoured recruits into the new Army. "You know So-and-So has enlisted," is the usual way of spreading the news; but as often as not So-and-So has not enlisted, but has got a



THE HON. GERALD RUFUS ISAACS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS EVA MOND WAS FIXED FOR THE 28TH.

Mr. Isaacs is the only son of the Lord Chief Justice of England and Lady Reading. Photograph by Sarony.

commission or some odd job as an interpreter, or has modestly sent his name to the War Office for a place on the General Staff. In Mr. Lutyens's case it would be against all common sense to let him swell the ranks of the mere "cannon fodder." His experience in making



MISS EVA MOND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE HON. GERALD R. ISAACS WAS FIXED FOR THE 28TH.

The bride is the daughter of Sir Alfred Moritz Mond, P.C., M.P., and her marriage with the only son of the Lord Chief Justice and Lady Reading was arranged for Sept. 28.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



TO MARRY COLONEL COLQUHOUN GRANT MORRISON, (Q.M.G., GIBRALTAR), THIS MONTH: MISS VERA SAWYER.

Miss Vera Sawyer, whose marriage to Colonel Colquhoun Grant Morrison was arranged to take place this month, is the third daughter of Colonel H. A. Sawyer.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

STILL NOT LETTING GO — AND STILL BREATHING !



THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE: This is no good to me. That pup's growing every minute. I've half a mind to fly away!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

OLD METHODS FOR NEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE place had the appearance of having been selected by experts in both land-surveying and motor-car repairing who, besides being geniuses in their sciences, were also utterly mad. It was the last possible spot for the pursuit in comfort of these sciences, and the sciences themselves seemed to be the last possible sciences to be undertaken in unison. Yet the thing had happened. Here in a field of swedes, and isolated in a trivial and unambitious valley, the ground was strewn with the débris of both callings, quick with men busy at both avocations.

At different places, and in little groups, the field of unsophisticated swedes was dotted with surveying instruments, and earnest men who controlled and managed the instruments, and more men with note-books and papers who wrote down and estimated figures, and yet more men who marked out plots, like building plots, and who directed other men in levelling and preparing these plots, and in building a rough track of earth and timber-baulks to lead from the little country road to these newly surveyed plots.

A little aloof, in the superior way of their kind, the mechanics flung away, or seemed to fling, their tools and spare parts of machinery, then erecting lathes and benches, and setting up jacks for repairing work on a large scale. Motor-cars and tractors stood in a dejected and passive line beyond the muck of the litter, and on the road that hemmed the field, and turning into it by the rough track made by the surveying experts, crawled an endless string of cars and lorries making with the steady determination of sheep for the mechanics in the field. These tractors and lorries were unique in their way. They were the giants of their *genre*, and the loads they carried might have been piled on them by the hands of Gargantua. They were strange loads, too. The tractors and lorries carried not the heaped wares of commerce or agriculture, or the uncouth burden of building material; many bore great square boxes sinister even to look at, and bearing on their tops and sides stencilled signs sinister in meaning to those who could read the marks of ordnance. Those not carrying these boxes carried guns. In their way the tractors explained the jumble of sciences in the field. The earnest land surveyors and the imperturbable mechanics were soldiers.

By the rough track and just where it joined the country road stood the Brigadier of Artillery. He was watching the deliberate progress of his guns with eyes of searching analysis, but it was obvious that he recognised that what he saw was good. He had, indeed, every reason to be pleased with the sight before his eyes. He was looking at the newest and finest artillery in the world: marvellous machines for wholesale slaughter and fort-battering, produced from behind veils of secrecy for the discomfiture and overthrow of the enemy at the last moment before declaration of war. This thought, and the thought of the howitzers' worth, was in the Brigadier's mind as the first of the monster guns on its double carriage turned into the field. As the baulks of the track cracked and squelched into the soft earth under the enormous weight of the piece, the Brigadier turned to the Colonel of the siege-train and cried out with delight in his voice, "What does it profit a garrison to have reinforced concrete by the hundred ton and the strongest steel cupolas in the world before that? The concrete and steel to resist the punch of that beauty's shell has yet to be manufactured."

"God help 'em," said the Colonel.

"The last word in big guns," cried the Brigadier enthusiastically. "And the finest word yet spoken—for there is no retort to it. They can have no answer to make to that, eh, Colonel? They will be battered flat, and they will be able to do nothing—nothing at all in return. I pity those poor beggars who are putting all their trust in Brialmont. I pity them as much as I am delighted with these howitzers and what these howitzers are going to do to them."

"Humph!" grunted the Colonel, who thought the Brigadier a good man, but a sentimentalist.

As he grunted, the trail section of the first 11-inch monster passed them on the dipping track. As it went, the great timber baulks sank and then heaved themselves out of the field with sucking noises. Along the length of them, too, the damp, grey-black mud clung. The Colonel frowned at the baulks. He was one of the strong, silent guild of men so trying in real life, yet so popular in fiction. That is,

he reduced his conversation to the absolute minimum, and he refused to be enthusiastic on any occasion. His companion desired enthusiasm, but he merely said, "Very soft here."

The Brigadier was an enthusiast, but that did not make him a fool. He scrutinised the timber baulks.

"Yes," he admitted, "rather soft. With five days' rain on this soil we can expect nothing else."

"There's the stream, too," said the Colonel, with a bright conversational effort. Both men looked at the stream.

It was a miserable kind of stream. It ran between the field of swedes and an abrupt range of hills—hills that the Brigadier had chosen as screens for the howitzer battery. The stream seemed to possess no definite bed. The field was so flat that the water lapped over into it, and, at points spread itself out in a manner utterly inconsequent. However, if it was without perceptible bank on this side, the stream had no depth anywhere. It was the type of stream that meanders on for ever with just enough water to film over a limited surface of the earth. In very bad weather it probably overflowed; in dry weather it probably dried up completely. Just at that moment it was at its happy mean. Five days' rain in a dry summer had filled it without giving it the slightest chance of inundating the field of swedes. So it ran on from its absurd source until, five miles further on, it trickled through a dyke into the principal river of the country, half a mile outside the capital town that the big howitzers were now being placed to subjugate. The Brigadier examined the stream and found nothing fearsome in it.

"That trickle don't make the ground soft, if that's what worries you," he told the Colonel. "There's not enough of it to wet a handkerchief, and it's easy to see it hasn't been over its banks since the spring."

"Might rain—heavily," said the chatty Colonel.

"It might. Also it might not. Rain's a sort of thing one notices coming on; it don't catch one unawares. In any case, there is a rise of fine solid stuff over there, that will make a good platform for the battery." His hand indicated the surveying geniuses as they marked out their building plots. "In any case, again, what's the use of having 'caterpillar' wheels if it is not to take heavy guns where heavy guns were never able to go before? A little damp soil and the chance of rain aren't enough to prevent us using the best emplacement for howitzers we're likely to get in this or any other campaign. You don't disagree about that, eh?"

"Oh, top-hole position," said the Colonel, and he relaxed into the immutable silence of his forefather, the Sphinx. The Brigadier did not mind. He was watching with eyes of rapture his beloved howitzers as they took the timber sets of the track to enter the field.

The huge guns rolled forward with the deliberate and irresistible motions of juggernauts. Each gun was in two sections—the bald, unhappy-looking, eleven-foot barrel on its special carriage first; the trail with all its intricacies of mechanical mounting, recoil-buffers, and loading and sighting gears following. The abnormal wheels of each of the sections were fitted with the square, loosely working plates known as "caterpillar feet," so that the carriages could not only travel over rough ground, or soft ground, but would also help, in their way, to take some of the shock of the immense recoil on the piece's discharge. Each section of the gun was hauled by a powerful grey-painted motor-tractor, which also carried the cases of shells that were to feed the great brute. Three artillerymen sat on the seat at the fore of each section, and the rest of the gun-crew of eight sat with the drivers of the tractors. Squads of exceedingly bored-looking infantry formed the escort, and engineers seemed to be everywhere. The train looked a cross between a travelling circus and a juvenile arsenal on the move.

The great pieces lurched along the prepared track, behind the wheezy and labouring motors. At the end of the track they swung again and went hiccuping across the "fine solid stuff"—that rose in slabs on the "feet" as they lifted—until they reached the positions staked out for them by the surveyors. The Brigadier followed, unable to tear himself away from their terrible fascination. The Colonel who had work to do, and no stomach for rhapsody, remained.

[Continued on page 338.]

THE ANGLER - PHOBE.



THE FISHERMAN (*soliloquising*): This day last year I caught twenty-five, and to-day I've been here seven hours and haven't had a bite. This confounded war is spoiling everything.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

When each howitzer reached its position, the crews came scrambling from their perches at once, and at once began to do homeric things in an engineering line. The trail of the great piece was brought round and planted with its head facing the hills, then the section holding the barrel was backed up, aligned to the cradle of the mounting, and wire cables were attached to the barrel. Thanks to these cables and a cunning system of hauling-wheels and guide-rails, the great steel tube of the howitzer was run up on the mountings, slotting in between the recoil-brake and the two air-cylinders of the recoil-gear. In a flash all was connected up, the second carriage was withdrawn, and the massive, yet delicate engine of death was ready for decimating cities and devastating fortifications.

The crews stood back, regarding with casual eyes the monster they had brought to being; an artillery captain and an officer of engineers went over the subtle mechanism of the gearing, testing every cog and bolt-head for flaws; an acolyte with an oil-can followed in their wake. The Brigadier climbed the steel-tube steps and stood beside the officers, touching and patting his wonderful machine. He put his fingers on the elevating wheel, and though the barrel and its complicated mechanism weighed many tons, the gun swayed up and down, delicately lifting and dropping with the grace of a cat, under his slightest touch. He touched another hand-wheel, and the muzzle nosed from side to side on the horizontal, with the sly, secret grace of guns. The Brigadier was thrilled.

"A beauty!" he cried to the two officers. "Watch the way she answers the slightest touch, as delicate as a lady. *Isn't* she a beauty?"

"As beautiful as Moloch," said the engineer officer grimly, "and just about as amiable."

"Moloch is an excellent simile," smiled the Brigadier. "Moloch had a way of sweeping clean, and these pieces will sweep clean. No fortress in existence can resist them for twenty minutes. Their attack will be like the vengeance of a god sweeping out of the heavens. The fortresses of the capital will not see where the attack comes from, they will not know what is attacking them, or how they are attacked. The rain of shells will just drop down on them out of a clear sky: they will be utterly defenceless, and, without being able to strike a blow in return, they will be annihilated in one sweeping inferno. It is an awful thought, but it is a wonderful thought too."

The engineer officer shivered. He did not see the wonder of the idea, only the ghastly side.

"It's terribly inhuman," he argued. "It's no better than cold-blooded murder."

"It's the highest and most modern science of warfare," the Brigadier retorted. "It's great good fortune that we are a scientific race. We only, through our technical culture, could have produced this thing that nothing can stand against. All the old methods of war must bow down before science."

"All the same," said the engineer, "if I were to be slaughtered, I would rather it happened under the old method. At least, I would get my blow in and die warm-blooded and fighting. These howitzers are not war—they are only murder by higher mathematics."

"It is modern war," said the Brigadier, "and modern war means victory to the most intelligent. We are the most intelligent. Those barbarians in war before us will be wiped out in their deep, unscientific gloom, because, my friend, because their methods are, as you hint, warm-blooded, old, un-modern. If they had been at all up to date, they might have invented some means of defeating us, of silencing these howitzers. They have no such means; they cannot defeat or even hamper our use of these howitzers. We will fire calmly and unscathed upon them; we will do with them exactly as we wish—and they will be wiped out. It is the law of progress, my friend: old methods must capitulate to the new, the mediæval must give way to the modern. One can pity those poor wretches, but one feels, too, that their doom is on their own heads. They know not modern science, and therefore, in the gospel of to-day, they are responsible for their own fall."

The Colonel of Artillery, followed by a young officer all spectacles and forehead, came up.

"Ranges," spat the Colonel, and he jerked his head to the human computing machine at his side. The young high-brow officer made nervous gestures with a note-book he had in his hand, as if to say that he had it all down in black and white, and, if needs be, he would prove his case before the entire world.

The Brigadier waved his hand.

"Not now, Colonel," he cried. "To-morrow at dawn we start." He stopped, the smile of a joyous idea lighting his face. "Nevertheless, I will lay the first gun now. That will be meet and proper." He looked at the brainy officer. The brainy officer began to exude figures and degrees in an astonishing spate. As he listened, the Brigadier's hands played with the laying wheels. Under his touch the great gun-muzzle nosed slowly upward like a blind thing feeling for the sunlight, until it stopped at last at an angle of sixty degrees. Another wheel was handled, and the giant, blind thing moved two degrees to the west. There it stopped. It was ready. It needed but its six-and-a-half-hundredweight shell and a jerk at the firing piece to hurl its enormous missile out against the fortresses of the capital town.

The capital was behind the screening hills—nearly six miles behind the hills—and a smiling country of fields and woods, of flat,

rich plains, and a multitude of little, happy rivers stretched between it and the guns. Yet this panorama of idyllic peace made no difference to the great howitzer. It would swing the miles in a single leap, and strike with awful impact on the concrete and steel of the sunken forts. That awful shell would smash into the concrete as though it were mud, it would burst the steel as though the steel were egg-shell. It would blast men to fragments, and those it did not pulp it would choke with its abominable gases. Such a shell as that of the howitzers was not a shell, but rather, as the Brigadier had said, a bolt from a god.

The Brigadier stepped down from the laying-perch, and at his nod the Colonel and the range-finder took his place. They examined the figures on the sighting-mechanism with scrupulous care. Then, satisfied, they stepped down.

"Right," said the Colonel.

"Quite correct, Sir," said the high-brow. The Brigadier smiled like a complimented schoolboy. He patted the wheel of the great howitzer, he glanced at the sinister line of the monster weapons that had now all been emplaced.

"Science," he cried—"science, gentlemen. New methods for old." He led the officers to his tent and celebrated the downfall of old methods before the new, in looted wine.

At eleven o'clock that night the water began rising. The sentries were placed to guard against enemies on foot, on horse, and even in the air, but they were not placed to guard against the attack of water. It was half an hour before the first sentinel noticed that the mean little stream had begun to expand in a slow and creeping way. The sentinel was, indeed, placed higher and at some distance from the stream. The night, too, was quite moonless. The first intimation he received was that he had got cold feet. It was when he tried to warm his feet that he heard the water splash as he stamped. Even then he wondered if he were dreaming. But the water crept higher—higher.

The perplexed man bent down and felt the water with his hand. As he did so, he caught the sullen shine of the immense wet surface of the overflowing stream. He could almost see its long, greedy fingers reaching out, clutching at the field of swedes; in the thick silence of the summer night he could hear its secret whisperings as it brushed over the surface and against the leaves. Horror at this quietly walking, whispering death held him bound for a moment. Then he felt the chill of the water above his ankles. He turned and ran to the guard-tent.

The water was rising swiftly, now—very swiftly.

Five minutes later the Brigadier leaped from his couch into eighteen inches of water. He started and cried out, not in fear of his life, but in fear for his beloved howitzers. He ran out of his tent calling out at the top of his voice, demanding to know what had happened. None answered. The camp was in a riot of confusion, the water was pouring over the ground, rising in the tents, awash on the floors of the motor-cars. There was no one to notice his urgent voice, none to notice anything but the swift, stealthy assault of the water, and the need for escaping the water. All was mad confusion. Panic was the king. And then no one could tell him what had happened: no one knew.

The Brigadier ran shouting, but he had changed the import of his shouts. He was commanding his men to order; commanding them to follow him to the howitzers, to get them clear. As he ran some great mass floating in the water caught against his knees and swung him sideways off his feet. As he went down he caught at the thing that had tripped him, and touching it, knew the worst. What he touched was a great baulk of timber. The track that would save his howitzers was already itself destroyed.

He ran on. He was not calling commands now. He knew it was useless. The water was already over his own waist. He was, however, hoping against hope that "the fine piece of solid stuff" had lifted the monster weapons above the line of present and future inundation, and that, apart from an inability to use them, they would be safe. He almost prayed for this happy chance—possibly to the god of modern science.

When he reached the guns, the major part of the mountings were already under water, already the flood was awash in the delicate and intricate mechanism of the gearings. And it was still rising, its mud-bearing, machine-clogging, rust-productive flood was still rising swiftly. It would be minutes only before the whole of the mechanism of the guns would be covered—covered and utterly ruined.

With despair in his heart, the Brigadier climbed the steel steps and sought personal safety on the recoil-chambers of the last word in modern scientific warfare. As he climbed, a man made place for him, helped his advance with the light of an electric torch. The light revealed the Engineer officer.

"What has happened?" the dazed Brigadier demanded. "What horror has happened?"

The Engineer officer laughed bitterly. "Too much science has happened," he shouted. "We have thought too much of to-day. 'New methods for old,' we have cried, and we have been wrong. 'Old methods for new,' we should have said. They have used old methods, methods as old as the Dutch-Spanish religious wars, as old as fighting. They have opened the dykes. They have flooded the country and defeated science—us."

THE END.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Changed Times. It is now that, in normal years, we are greeting each other cheerily and telling and hearing holiday stories of sport, enjoyment, games, and travel. This year we have other interests. It is, however, a good sign that our women are taking a wholesome interest in their autumn clothes. After all, one is not expected to wear summer garb in autumn and winter. On all sides I hear: "I must have some new clothes; and I may as well have them nice"; or, "Well, of course, we must keep our work-people and shops going, so I am going shopping." Quite right, too! Of course, lots of people, wealthy before the war, are really poor now, especially those on or connected with the Stock Exchange. With them it is a case of tiding over a bad time, and their women-kind will still bravely make the best of things and turn out smartly. We have a hard fight at home, as well as abroad, and we shall neither look beaten nor be beaten!

Bright and British. There are many reasons just now why those who are thoroughly British in their business like to have it known. Every day there are fresh reasons for pride in being British; every day there are fresh reasons for despising Germany and its men and methods; every day there are fresh hopes that we shall keep our end well up; and so it is a pleasant duty to say to all our readers that the Ronuk Floor Polish Company, an industry so much appreciated, is wholly British. Shareholders, Board, and staff—all are Britishers!

A Treasure for War or Peace Is Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia, the greatest cleanser of the age. Messrs. Scrubb and Co. have given 1200 bottles of this invaluable Fluid to the British Red Cross Society. It is of the greatest service in the Society's work of mercy.

The Classes and the Masses Have been brought very closely together by this lamentable war—an evil thing, out of which good will evolve. A class which at present can neither feel nor foresee that good is the struggling professional, the educated people with appearances to keep up, whose work has practically disappeared. The poor, the wives and children of our brave and grand soldiers and sailors are—as is quite right—being looked after. The Belgian refugees, the French refugees, are having help. Where the ravages of unemployment, or materially decreased employment, have proved the greatest ill is in the working middle-class. These are, of all others, the most difficult to assist because of their invincible independence. The way to help them is to employ them, and they will not cavil much at what is offered in the way of remunerated work.

A Pleasant Economy. Nothing pleases a woman more than contriving to turn things to real use. The present time gives her many opportunities. Dresses may be dyed to suit autumn and winter; no one makes much difference in fabric now—warmth is secured by fur or heavy coats. Suits for men, women, and children can be dry-cleaned so that they are as new, and curtains and other hangings can be restored to pristine cleanliness and freshness. The modern magicians who effect these pleasant economies are Messrs. Campbell, of Perth. Their descriptive hand-book, with prices and full particulars of their various departments, makes interesting reading, and will be sent free on application to the Perth Dye Works, Perth. It will also give the name and address of the nearest branch or agency. There are over 5000 of these in Great Britain.

Sensible, Smart, Suitable Are the hats for this autumn season at Scott's, 1, Old Bond Street. In accordance with their usual custom, the firm have issued a beautifully produced and really well illustrated booklet of some of their principal creations; and it is their patriotic pleasure to point out that the velvet hats formerly made abroad are now made in their own factories in England. Of these the Newbury is a fascinating example. It is a becoming and pretty shape, with a handsome corded band and black cock-tail feathers—the price is 35s. A very handsome black picture hat is the Iverna, trimmed with two big rich ostrich-feathers. It can be made in any colour, and costs three guineas. There are, in all, twenty-two illustrations of this fascinating head-gear, named and priced, so that ordering is made very easy. Selections of hats will be sent to any address on approval, or one of the firm's experienced saleswomen will attend on ladies who are in town, and have not time to visit the firm's show-rooms.

The Autumn Season. This should shortly begin; as a rule, it is going well about Oct. 10. The theatre managers are prepared with a capital plan of campaign. Our modistes have models as varied, as smart, and as handsome as ever. They have so far sensed the situation as to keep prices moderate, more so than for many seasons past. It is to be devoutly hoped that there will be some entertainments going on. For our own sakes at home, we must be as cheery as we can; and as everything we do here finds its way to Germany, we must—because the enemy should not be encouraged—keep going as brightly, at least, as our glorious fighting men do in the face of death and destruction. We belong to an unconquerable Empire, and it is our woman's part to look unconquerable, even, steady, and unperturbed, as those who know the end to be victory.



THE QUEEN AMONG BELGIAN REFUGEES: HER MAJESTY VISITING ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Queen Mary has been indefatigable since the outbreak of the war, not only in the inauguration of works of beneficence on a large scale, of which she is a past-mistress, but also in visiting the refugees and wounded at the various temporary hospitals and homes for refugees round London. Such womanly consideration and high courtesy are keenly appreciated by our brave soldiers and their French and Belgian brothers-in-arms, and by the refugees now in our country. Our illustration shows her Majesty visiting the Belgian refugees at the Alexandra Palace. Mr. Herbert Samuel is seen on the left, and the Belgian Minister, the Comte de Lalaing, is offering his thanks to the Queen for her gracious visit.—[Photograph by Davey and Hackney.]



"YOUR SOLDIERS AND OUR SOLDIERS ARE FIGHTING SHOULDER TO SHOULDER": Mlle. Gaby Deslys gives flowers to British wounded.

The London Hospital has had a charming visitor in Mlle. Gaby Deslys, the beautiful French actress, who is now playing at the Palace Theatre. On her return, on Monday night, to the Palace, in which she appears in the practically new second part of the popular revue, "The Passing Show," in which are given clever travesties of such old friends as Raffles, Arsène Lupin, and the burglarious Jimmy Valentine, she was greeted with acclamation and made a pretty little speech. "Your soldiers," said Gaby, in her most graceful fashion, "and our soldiers are fighting shoulder to shoulder, and I am sure they will win." Her confident prediction was received with delight. The other day Mlle. Deslys visited our wounded in the London Hospital, and distributed flowers among them. Our illustration shows the pretty actress conversing with a group of convalescents.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



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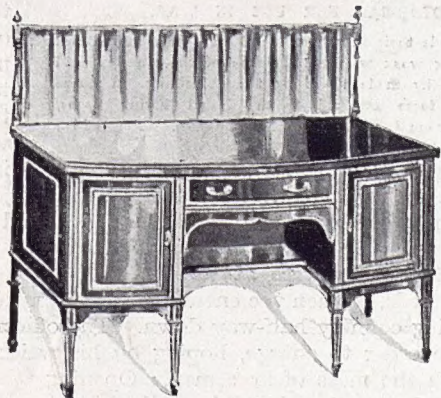
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September 30, 1914
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE MOTOR-CAR—A PROTEST AND A DEFENCE: WHAT IS A "DIESLER"? : A SPECIAL CONSTABLE'S JOKE.

A Timely Protest.

The injustice and absurdity of sundry attempts which have been made to stifle motor locomotion in this country, from reasons of spurious sentiment, have already been pointed out in these columns. I note with pleasure, however, that a vigorous protest has been made on the same subject by Mr. H. Welsh-Lee, of the Austin Motor Company, who enumerates in a very cogently argued letter the services which the industry has rendered to the country, both before and during the present war. "The use of the private motor-car as an instrument of pleasure," he properly points out, "is over-estimated, and its place as an article of utility insufficiently recognised. Cars are not bought nowadays solely for week-end runs and touring purposes, but to get to and from business, as actual business conveyances when travelling the country, as a quick means of transit for doctors and other professional men, as a town and country-house vehicle, and for various other purposes." Not a superfluity like a yacht, it is a modern method of progress which, in addition, has given the public its taxi-cab and motor-'bus, and has become a valuable adjunct to everyday life. Mr. Welsh-Lee calls upon the Press to encourage those who are able to support the industry by both running and purchasing cars, while pointing out the labour that it gives thereby.

What is the "Diesler" Engine?

Motor-cars, in every shape and form are playing so vital a part in the present war that frequent references thereto are to be found in the special correspondence of the daily journals. As a result, it would almost seem that the necessity may arise for the papers in question to press their motoring correspondents into sub-editorial service. It has long since become a truism that the average wielder of the blue pencil in Fleet Street does not know one end of a motor-car from another, and the most ludicrous mistakes arise in consequence when motoring correspondence comes over the wires, and has to be handled in "flimsy" instead of being handed in direct in the expert's own writing. In this connection, moreover, one cannot but refer to the extraordinary error which was perpetrated by the majority of the daily papers in their reports of Mr. Lloyd George's recent speech at the Queen's Hall, and has since been perpetuated in pamphlet form. Although the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke on the Saturday, and the Monday journals had plenty of time to correct initial errors, the fact remains that Mr. Lloyd George was reported to have used the following extraordinary expression: "German civilisation would re-create him in the image of a Diesler machine." Surely papers like the *Times* might be expected to know by now that what the Chancellor must have said was a "Diesel" machine. The advent of Dr. Diesel's famous invention was hailed

in this country with lengthy articles on every side, and many are the examples of his wonderful engine which are to be found in use—a notable example being the power-plant at the Daimler works in Coventry.

The Trials of a Special Constable.

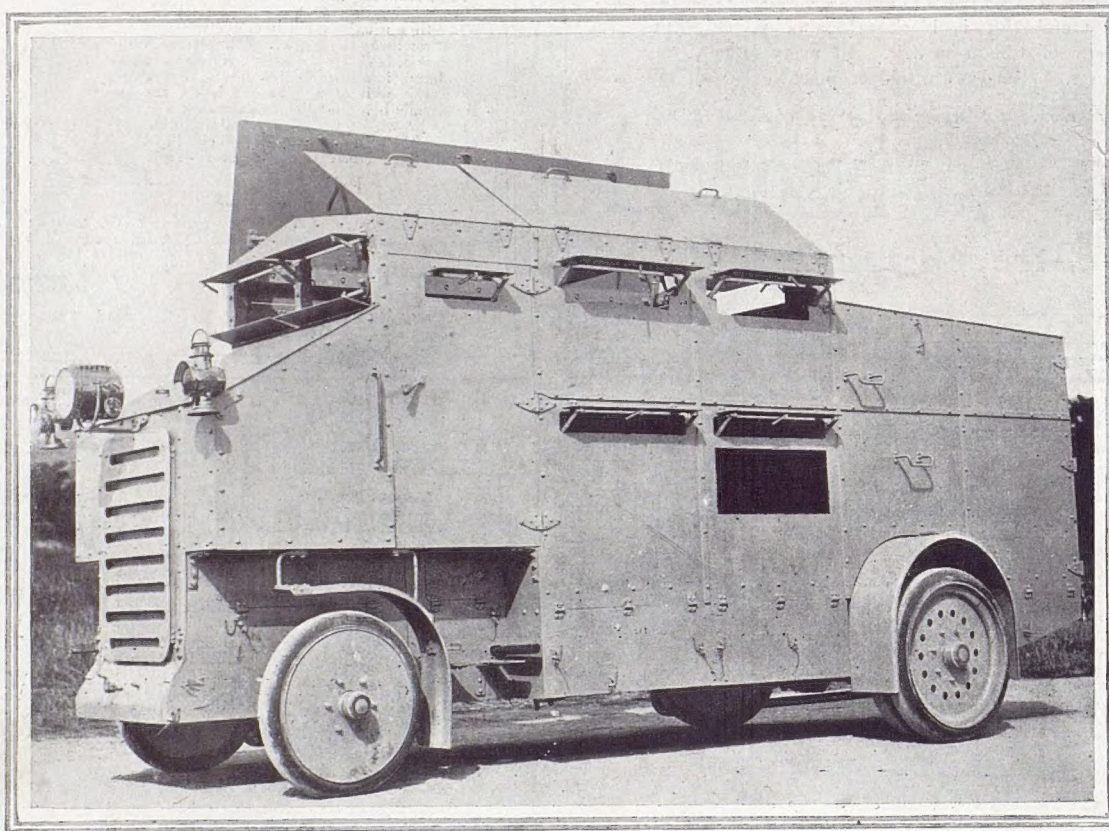
In these strenuous times it is useful to extract whatever gleams of humour are possible from the situation, and I was amused the other day to hear a story from the lips of a special constable whose duty it was to guard a couple of bridges in London. He was half-way through his four-hours' spell, during which he had to stand the whole time and was not allowed to smoke, when a somewhat fussy individual came up and pointed to an empty Rolls-Royce car which was standing near by. The fussy one asked the special constable in question if he knew who the owner was, and said that he thought it probable that it was being used by a German spy. He received a non-committal reply, and walked away. After a long interval, however,

he returned to the charge and said: "I wish you would find out something about that car; I am convinced it belongs to a spy." The special constable looked at his watch and saw that in five minutes he would be free. "Well, you just wait here a bit," he said, "and perhaps you will see the owner come along." The hour struck, and the special constable walked to the Rolls-Royce, swung the starting-handle, stepped into the driver's seat, and moved off. It was his own car!

Scattering the Uhlans.

It would be easy to regard more or less as a commonplace the task of conveying troops by motor-vehicles, but an incident which is

described in the *Motor* was nothing if not thrilling. Three hundred French soldiers were being conveyed along the road in half-a-dozen motor-'buses when they were suddenly confronted with a body of Uhlans. "The 'buses were at the head of a long descent," the narrative proceeds, "when the enemy was seen on the road and over the surrounding country half-way down. The officer on the leading 'bus gave the order to charge, hoping by his weight and speed to break through the mass of horsemen. Opening the throttle to the full, the six-ton mass thundered down the hillside, while the troopers opened fire through the windows. The enemy kept their position on the road for a little while, but as the 'bus approached at increasing speed they scattered to left and right. Horses were hit and bowled over; the 'bus swayed ominously, its violent skidding doing almost as much damage as the rifle-fire from the interior. This daring act of the leader had broken the resistance. Spitting fire from the windows, the other vehicles followed with practically a clear course, for, after an attempt to bring down the drivers and the officers, the enemy fled across country, leaving several men and horses on the field."



A MOVING FORTRESS OF MUCH STRENGTH: AN ARMoured MOTOR-CAR FOR USE IN WAR.

Armoured motor-cars have been one of the novel features of the war. They have made their mark on the Belgian side in repeated brushes with the Germans, and our own forces have done exceptionally valuable fighting work with them. One of the smartest and most successful exploits was a feat by our naval airmen serving with the Army officially made public by the Admiralty in these terms: "On the 16th inst, Commander Samson, with a small armoured motor-car force attached to the Naval Flying Corps, encountered a patrol of five Uhlans near Doullens (near Amiens), killing four and wounding and capturing the fifth. The British force suffered no casualties."—[Photograph by Topical.]

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Jenny Cartwright."

BY GEORGE STEPHENSON.

(The Bodley Head.)

Jenny is a name with a comfortable domestic tone; but Jane, or especially Joan, puts a different aspect on it at once—and Mr. Stephenson's heroine is nearer sister to the Maid than "Jenny" would imply. Her story takes long to tell, the construction of it lacks thought and unity, but the diversions could hardly be spared, for they are mostly fresh and humorous sketching of English country folk. Jenny's father came to a bad end, and Jenny came to a bad end herself: healthy happiness for Jenny looked out of the question from the afternoon that she sat under a thorn-bush plucking at her frock and told her playmates how she saw Jesus, and saw Him vanish again like a spiral of smoke. The fever of sacrifice and redemption laid its hot finger upon her from that day. Her father, her cousin, her lover, or the young squire—they all had souls in the saddest plight, according to Jenny's vision, and the fervour of her dreams went to getting them straight with God either by appeal or substitution. If, at the end, she gave herself up to a shameful death in order to save a worthless old man, the fact that after all she was able so far to realise herself seems to make the sacrifice worth while. A dull story of adultery adds nothing significant to the story, but the digressions devoted to gossip of the rural neighbours are entirely delightful. When Jenny's tragic temperament lies faintly in the mind, old "Meccar"—rustic way of saying Metcalf—will be remembered thumping on the pulpit, lunging with an imaginary sacrificial knife at Isaac and declaring the Lord's remonstrance: "Thou great turnip-head, didst a think I meant thee to mall on the lad? Put up yon knife and see what's ketched in yonder thicket there." Poor Mr. Meccar! Kept to

Genesis and the Patriarchs, he was safe enough; but, as his wife said, "Once let him get in with Jeremiah and them minor prophets and there's no holding of him." There was no holding of him, except in the asylum—a palatial refuge to which he was for many years confined. Altogether, the whole book might be read as deprecatory of soul-searching. "Only think of poor Meccar and where his soul have lead him to," Mrs. Metcalf reminded Jenny. "Souls is like Northern Lights or shooting stars or will-o'-the-wisps. You believe in 'em right enough when you see 'em; but you can't explain them, and I doubt if you can trust 'em." A little epigram that, in Mrs. Metcalf's best manner, which touched the source of Jenny's troubles.

"Johnnie Maddison."

BY JOHN HASLETTE.

(Smith, Elder.)

"Johnnie Maddison" is the tale of an inexperienced little girl who went out to South America to marry the idol of her first love-affair. It began badly, for the idol attended a gambling party and sent a proxy to meet her. Fortunately for Molly, the gambling increased to a point of stealing the stakes, so that before the marriage could take place the idol put himself *hors de combat* for the ceremony. And if you didn't read novels, you might think, "Poor Molly!" But of course you do, and therefore you know there is always the proxy. And Mr. Haslette is no reactionary. Johnnie Maddison is the proxy, and he follows the classic manner of his *genre* in being small, unattractive, doggedly faithful, and of untold worth. Then after seeing the idol, with all his clay showing, safely out of justice's way, Johnnie very properly gets himself injured in the process, and, very properly again, Molly nurses him back to health. And after that there occur just the right amount of advances and retreats between Molly and Johnnie to make the love-scene on the last page decent and desirable. That is "Johnnie Maddison," neither better nor worse than a dozen of its kind.

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